

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?
Iess. Past all expressing, it is very meete
 The Lord Bassanio liue an vpright life
 For hauing such a blessing in his Lady,
 He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
 And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
 Is reason he should neuer come to heauen?
 Why, if two gods should play some heauenly match,
 And on the wager lay two earthly women,
 And *Portia* one: there must be something else
 Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
 Hath not her fellow.
Loren. Euen such a husband
 Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.
Iess. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?
Lor. I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?
Iess. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke?
Lor. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,
 Then how som ere thou speakest among other things,
 I shall digest it?
Iess. Well, Ile set you forth.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace?
Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answere
 A stonie adversary, an inhumane wretch,
 Vncapable of pittie, voyd, and empty
 From any dram of mercie.

Ant. I haue heard
 Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
 His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,
 And that no lawful meanes can carrie me
 Out of his enties reach, I do oppose
 My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
 To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
 The very tyranny and rage of this.

Du. Go one and cal the Jew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinks, and I thinke so to
 That thou but ledest this fashion of thy mallice
 To the last houre of act, and then 'tis thought
 Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
 Than is thy strange apparant cruelty;
 And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
 Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
 Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
 But touch'd with humane gentleness and loue:
 Forgive a moytie of the principall;
 Glancing an eye of pittie on his losses,
 That haue of late so huddled on his backe,
 Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe;
 And plucke commiseration of his state
 From brasse bofomes, and rough hearts of flint;
 From stubborne Turkes and Tarters neuer train'd

To offices of tender curtessie,
 We all expect a gentle answer Jew?

Jew. I haue posselt your grace of what I purpose,
 And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne
 To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
 If you denie it, let the danger light
 Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
 You'l aske me why I rather choose to haue
 A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue
 Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:
 But say it is my humor; Is it answered?
 What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
 And I be pleas'd to giue ten thousand Ducates
 To haue it baid? What, are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:
 Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
 And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'th nose,
 Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
 Masters of passion swayes it to the moode
 Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer:
 As there is no firme reason to be rendred
 Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
 Why he a harmlesse necessarie Cat?
 Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
 Must yeeld to such inuitable shame,
 As to offend himselfe being offended:
 So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
 More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
 I beare *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
 A loofing suite against him? Are you answered?
Bass. This is no answer thou vnfeeling man,
 To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.

Jew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not loue?
Jew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Euerie offence is not a hate at first.
Jew. What wouldst thou haue a Serpent sting thee
 twice?

Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Jew:
 You may as well go stand vpon the beach,
 And bid the maine flood baite his vsuall height,
 Or euen as well vse question with the Wolfe,
 The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:
 You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
 To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heauen:
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seeke to soften that, then which what harder?
 His Iewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you
 Make no more offers, vse no farther meanes,
 But with all brieue and plaine conueniencie
 Let me haue iudgement, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand Ducats heere is six.
Jew. If euerie Ducat in fixe thousand Ducats
 Were in fixe parts, and euerie part a Ducate,
 I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?

Du. How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendering none?
Jew. What iudgement shall I dread doing no wrong?
 You haue among you many a purchast slave,
 Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
 You vse in abiect and in slauish parts,
 Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
 Why sweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats
 Be season'd with such Viands: you will answer

The

The slaves are ours. So do I answer you,
 The pound of flesh which I demand of him
 Is deerly bought, 'tis mine, and I will haue it.
 If you deny me; sic vpon your Law.
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
 I stand for iudgement, answer, Shall I haue it?

Du. Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court,
 Vntill *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
 Whom I haue sent for to determine this,
 Come heere to day.

Sal. My Lord, heere stayes without the Court
 A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,
 New come from Padua.

Du. Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers.
Bass. Good chere *Anthonio*, What man, courage yet!
 The Jew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones, and all;
 Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
 Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruit
 Drops earliest to the ground, and so let mee goe:
 You cannot better be employ'd *Bassanio*,
 Then to liue still, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerissa.
Du. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?
Ner. From both.

*My Lord Bellario greets your Grace, and says
 Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy soale: but on thy soule harsh Jew,
 Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no metall can,
 No, nor the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenesse
 Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Jew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damnd, inexecrable dogge,
 And for thy life let iustice be accus'd:
 Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith;
 To hold opinion with *Pythagorus*,
 That soules of Animals infuse themselves
 Into the truncks of men. Thy curst spirit
 Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
 Euen from the gallows did his fell soule fleet;
 And whilst thou layest in thy unhallow'd dam,
 Infus'd it selfe in thee: For thy desires
 Are Woluish, bloody, stern'd, and rauenous.

Jew. Till thou canst raile the scale from off my bond,
 Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speake so loud:
 Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
 To endlesse ruine. I stand heere for Law.

Du. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
 A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;
 Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by.
 To know your answer, whether you'l admit him.

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
 Go giue him courteous conduct to this place,
 Meane time the Court shall beare *Bellarious* Letter.

*Y*our Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receite of your
 Letter I am very sike: but in the instant that your mes-
 senger came, in loving visitation, was with me a yong Do-
 ctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with
 the cause in Controuersie, betwene the Jew and *Anthonio*
 the Merchant: we turn'd ore many Bookes together: hee is
 furnished with my opinion, which beireth with his owne lear-
 ning, the greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend.

with him at my importunity; to
 my sted. I beseech you, let his lab-
 or be rewarded with a yong man, let
 him be receiued with a yong man,
 yong a body, with so old a head.
 acceptance, whose trial shall bette

Enter Portia for the
Duke. You heare the learn'd
 And heere (I take it) is the Do-
 Give me your hand: Camie yo

Por. I did my Lord
Du. You are welcome:
 Are you acquainted with the
 That holds this present questio

Por. I am enform'd throug
 Which is the Merchant heere?
Du. *Anthonio* and old *Shy*

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?
Jew. *Shylocke* is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature

Yet in such rule, that the Vene-
 Cannot impugne you as you
 You stand within his danger,

Ant. I, so he sayes.
Por. Do you confesse the
Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be
Jew. On what compulsion?
Por. The quality of mercy

It droppeth as the gentle raine
 Vpon the place beneath: it is
 It blesteth him that giues, and
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest

The throned Monarch better
 His Scepter shewes the force
 The attribute to awe and Mai-
 Wherein doth sit the dread an

But mercy is about this scepter
 It is enthroned in the hearts o
 It is an attribute to God him
 And earthly power doth then

When mercie seasons iustice.
 Though iustice be thy plea,
 That in the course of iustice,
 Should see saluation: we do

And that same prayer, doth an
 The deeds of mercie: I haue
 To mitigate the iustice of thy
 Which if thou follow, this

Must needs giue sentence g
Shy. My deeds vpon my h
 The penaltie and forfeite of m
Por. Is he not able to disc

Bass. Yes, heere I tender
 Yea, twice the summe, if that
 I will be bound to pay it ten
 On forfeit of my hands, my he

If this will not suffice, it must
 That malice beares downe tru
 Wrest once the Law to your
 To do a great right, do a littl

And curbe this cruell diuell of
Por. It must not be; there
 Can alter a decree established
 'Twill be recorded for a Prese